

XXI No. 7



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APRIL, 1910

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THE CRESCENT

VOL. XXI.

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A Vacation in Old Mexico

One hot summer day a party of young tourists decided to take a trip into the Sierra Madre mountains of Northeastern Mexico. One of the young men went in search of a guide, while the rest made hurried provisions for the journey. Very little could be taken so great thought and care was required. At about two o'clock in the afternoon six small burros were brought to the hotel and loaded with the cots, a fryingpan, a few dishes and other necessary things. These the dark skinned Mexican boys skillfully packed on the backs of the patient creatures, while the young ladies went into ecstasies over the picturesque southern scene. They were in the "patio", or inner court, of a large hotel. There were palm trees, banana trees, orange trees and tropical flowers in wild profusion, while the boys, clad in their white trousers and bloused shirts girdled in with gay sashes and crowned with their quaint "sombreros," loading the burros in the foreground, produced a scene sufficiently interesting to delight any group of city bred Americans.

At three they were off. Soon they came to the outskirts of the town and until five o'clock were riding through a barren waste, in the heat of a tropical sun,

with only a few scattered cacti to relieve the monotony.

About five, however, they came to a river on the banks of which were a few huts. Here they stopped only for a short time as they wished to reach camp before dark. After fording the river they started on the ascent. How different from the cacti wastes through which they had just passed, were these tropical forests.

They followed the course of the mountain torrent for a time but later turned a little to the right and the donkeys slowly but surely picked their way through the tangled under brush for the long unused path was scarcely visible. Occasionally the river could be seen, only as a small, indistinct ribbon, hundreds of feet below them. One of the party in looking too long became dizzy and would have fallen down the mighty precipice of sheer, bare rock had the alert guide not prevented.

At about eight they came to an open place which the guide selected for their first camp. A huge fire was soon crackling cheerfully and after making coffee they partook of a hearty supper. Soon the ladies in the party had the cots comfortably made up. It was not long before all were sound asleep, breathing the delightful mountain air. I said all, but there was one left awake who was to keep the fire up till midnight when another would take his place, for only the night before a mountain lion had killed and eaten a calf in this very same spot and might return at any time.

No harm befell them, however, and in the morning they continued their journey long before daybreak as they wished to avoid the mid-day heat.

About night fall of the second day they came upon a party of pilgrims kneeling, and praying incessantly within and around the entrance to a cave. They paused to inquire. Great candles were burning before a little

grotto in the rock and each devotee held a burning taper in his hand. They were told that this was the shrine of a famous Virgin who was believed to cure all manner of diseases if the suppliant pilgrim would perform certain prescribed penances. Our party of incredulous "Protestants" entered the cave and beheld a waxen image dressed in the most gorgeous silken robes and bedecked with many precious stones. All around the cave were hung gold, silver, ivory and wooden figures such as arms, legs and fingers which were to represent the different parts which had been healed and the sufferer upon his recovery brought these as a thank offering. The coffers of the virgin were filled to overflowing with the money which these poor, ignorant people left in willing sacrifice.

After another night's encampment in the neighborhood of this scene they set out for the last climb. The cool morning air was now fast changing into sickening heat of mid forenoon when a party of ten or twelve of the humble mountaineers came into view. As they approached it was discovered that the center of the group was a young woman, pale and thin, showing evident traces of long and patient suffering. She had made a journey of seven miles down this rugged mountain path on her knees. Her mother and sister were carrying her two babes, one, two and one-half and the other one year old, beside her. On account of her great weakness it had required several days to make the journey but they now hoped that by night they would have reached the blessed shrine where they believed that health awaited her. Such was her penance.

At high noon our tourists reached their destination which was a palm hut hidden among the trees on the brow of the mountain. A few feet from the house

there was a clear spring of sparkling mountain water which was the head of the torrent they had forded two days before. Towering behind the hut was a great cliff of blue rock, shimmering and glinting in the sunshine. In this paradise of nature the party stayed for a couple of weeks, bathing in the clear, sparkling waters of the stream, hunting in the forests which surrounded them and taking long walks over the mountain side. At night they would make the air ring with old college songs and "The Star Spangled Banner" but every now and then the violins and guitars of the Mexicans could be heard accompanying sweet love songs in the soft Spanish tongue.

The beauties of picturesque Mexico are as yet an undiscovered fairyland to most of the tourists who travel abroad every year. It is so near that it seems to lose its charm until you are there, but once there you are forever enchanted with the beauty of the country, with the romantic people, their customs, everything, except their ignorance and immorality.

LORENA C. KELSEY, Prep. '11.

Swimming in the John Day

It was Sunday, about the first of July and the summer sun beat down on the brown, parched hills surrounding the John Day ranch like on a desert waste. Not a spot of green was visible for miles except the few dwarf trees around the ranch buildings which squatted on the border between the wheat land and the open range. For weeks it had been too dry for farm work and hundreds of acres of summer fallow lay unplowed. In the meantime we had been busy gathering up stray bunches of horses and riding fences. This is an end-

less task on the border of the range—overlooking miles and miles of barbed wire fences, nailing up a wire here and there and driving stray stock from the grain fields.

On this Sunday some one had suggested that we ride down to the John Day river which was only a couple of miles distant and have a swim. Anything is welcome on a ranch that will break the monotony and as no one had energy enough to oppose the plan we lazily saddled our horses and started. There were three in the party besides myself. Tom, a boy of twelve, never quiet except when asleep; Jack, a young man raised in the saddle, and the other a human derelict who, floating aimlessly on the sea of life, had drifted to this barren corner of the earth. He was a young man in years—not over twenty-five—but vice had already left him a physical wreck. He was unable to do hard work, but the boss had hired him to do odd jobs about the ranch and as no one knew his name we called him "Doc." He talked incessantly and while we did not enjoy his companionship we endured it. As we rode along he volunteered information and misinformation on all subjects imaginable. Among other things he boasted of the honors he had won at swimming before he deserted from the navy. We paid little attention to him. We soon came to the "brakes" of the John Day—a rough, broken strip of country, covered in places with sage brush, but in most places barren.

Striking the head of a canyon we left the upper level and began our descent to the river. As we came nearer the river the rocky bluffs extended higher and higher on each side of the canyon. Soon the canyon we were following opened into another larger canyon and there before us lay the river flowing peacefully between rocky walls that extended upwards for hundreds

of feet. The water, glistening in the sun, looked cool and inviting and we now began to take a more active interest in things. We watered our horses, tied them to sage bushes and in a short time were enjoying the time of our lives. Although physically weak, Doc gave evidence of having been an excellent swimmer and even now in his present condition seemed to keep afloat without an effort. After an hour or so we began to tire of the sport. Jack having lived on the range all his life was a poor swimmer and had already dressed and was sitting in the shade of a sage bush. Tom, astride of a piece of driftwood of convenient size was splashing and tooting and making as much commotion as a life-size steamboat. I wanted to take one more swim before dressing and struck out into a swift current above a big eddy. The current proved to be much stronger than I had expected and as I was already tired I soon became winded. I made a desperate effort to reach the opposite side before being swept into the big eddy and did get near enough to touch bottom but the current carried me off my balance and I was swept into deep water. I was exhausted and could scarcely keep afloat, but it had all happened so quickly that at first I did not realize the danger. Then as my head went under I saw death staring me in the face and as I rose I called frantically for help. I did not remember all the mean things I had ever done (as people are supposed to do under such circumstances) but I was conscious of certain other ideas without any special effort of thought. Everything seemed to have changed. The river was still calm and peaceful, but under its treacherous, smiling surface death lay in wait. I saw in my mind the death struggle, the passing of the long summer afternoon, the waters hiding a corpse with de-

ceitful calm, and as darkness settled over the scene and the stars came out over this lonely canyon I saw the vacant glassy stare of the water in which death still lurked. I think the thing that appalled me most was the relentlessness and loneliness of death. Meanwhile Doc had been hurrying to my assistance. He swam out to me and told me to put my hand on his shoulder. I grasped his shoulder frantically and we sank together. Instantly I realized what a crazy thing I had done and released my hold. When I came to the surface Doc was swimming near me and yelling for Jack to get a rope. I knew if we waited for that rope it would never do me any good and I began to struggle toward the shore which was now about fifty yards away. My head kept going under water and I choked and sputtered but I managed to keep from drawing much water into my lungs. Time and again I was helplessly sinking when Doc held me up and kept me going and for once in my life I experienced real heartfelt gratitude toward a human being.

How we ever got over that fifty yards I don't know, but I do know that I put forth the most honest efforts of my life. At last I felt bottom under me and as I stumbled on shore I grasped Doc's hand and shook it heartily. Perhaps this sounds a bit theatrical, but it seemed perfectly natural at the time. "You may be able to pull me out of a hole some time—in a different way," he said lightly, and although he smiled in his usual careless way his eyes were serious.

After resting a few minutes we dressed and mounting our horses rode slowly homeward. For several weeks I felt as if a heavy weight lay on my lungs but my heart was light enough to make up for it.

The Mysterious Death of Thomas Brown

"Good morning, Miss Brown" The speaker was a little woman who was leaning on the back fence of her yard watching her neighbor who was sadly digging a small hole under a lilac bush. "Good morning," responded the worker as she slowly continued to dig up the fresh earth.

"What is that you've got in that black box with the flowers, and what on earth makes you so solemn?" questioned the first woman.

"Well, I'll tell you," began Miss Brown sadly. She was an elderly woman who lived all alone with her cats in her large city home. She had nothing to do with any of her neighbors except this one—Mrs. James. She always wore a sad expression on her face and this morning it seemed to be so much worse that one would have thought she had lost her last friend and never expected to get another.

"This morning," she continued, "when I came out here to fix some of my flowers I found Thomas lying dead right in the middle of my pansy bed.

"Thomas," interposed Mrs. James excitedly, "Thomas who?"

"Some folks called him Thomas Brown," continued Miss Brown patiently, "He was my big Maltese cat," she explained.

"Oh," ejaculated her neighbor with a sigh of relief.

"He was all bruised up" she went on, "and I know he was terribly mistreated." Her anger was rising rapidly as she went on with her narrative.

"It was that little Johnnie Scott, I know it was for I saw him going through the alley with his hands full of stones and the ugliest kind of a dog was with him. I

know they were just hunting my poor helpless kittens," she concluded. "Just wait till I catch him. I will give him something to keep him from hurting my poor helpless darlings any more."

"My," thought Mrs. James as she choked down a laugh at the thought of Miss Brown getting so worked up over a little old cat. "I guess he will get a plenty."

Miss Brown having buried the cat, placed a small board at the head of the grave bearing the inscription, "To the Memory of Thomas Brown." Then after putting a number of flowers on the mound she went back into the house still vowing vengeance on the culprit.

Early the next morning as Mr. James started out to hoe part of his garden before starting to work, he saw the supposed culprit walking around Miss Brown's house carrying an axe. As Mrs. James had told him all about the death of Thomas, Miss Brown's suspicions and vowed vengeance, he was very much interested in what he knew was about to occur. Just as Johnnie reached the basement door and started in, the back door near him suddenly opened and before he realized what was happening Miss Brown had him by the collar and between shakes was giving him a good moral lecture on being cruel to cats.

As soon as the boy gathered from her talk what the matter was he began to defend himself. He explained that instead of being out to kill cats the evening before Thomas' death, he had been to get some rocks to put into a large pan in which he had some pet fish and that the dog was one he had rescued from some boys who were mistreating him. He also declared that he had only gone through the alley as a shorter way to get home. But Miss Brown was not convinced, "I know your kind," she assured him. "You little thieving

rascals think it's fun to kill poor helpless kitties and come around to old women's houses and break things up and when you get caught try to lie out of it by saying you are kind to all kinds of animals. Yes! I know your're kind."

Then Mr. James recognized him as the boy he had hired to come and split some wood for him and so he went over and tried to explain it to the old woman. He was so amused that he was afraid he couldn't say things right but he finally succeeded in getting everything said he could think of in defense of the boy. But still the lady was not convinced. Finally the boy offered to help find the real miscreant if she would only let him go. This she would not consent to until Mr. James promised to see that Johnnie killed no more of her cats. And as she went into the house they heard her say, "The naughty lying little rascal! I'd rather have my darling Thomas than half a dozen like him. I know he was lying to me all the time."

"Mr. James are these yours?" called Johnnie one evening several days later as he held up a flat-iron and a boot-jack so that Mr. James could see them.

"Why! Yes, they are, where did you find them?" inquired the man.

"They were lying here next to the fence where you told me to spade up the ground, and right on this side of the fence from Miss Brown's pansy bed," replied the boy.

"What's that you little scamp? Don't you dare go near my pansy bed," shrilled old Miss Brown as she suddenly came around the lilac bush where she had been fixing some flowers on Thomas' grave and had heard only part of the conversation. "Don't you go near my pansy bed," she reiterated, "you have caused me trouble enough already."

"Oh say, Miss Brown," began Mr. James unexpectedly, "I guess I owe you and Johnnie an apology."

"Apology, nothing!" snorted the old woman. It will take more than an apology from that boy to make up for what he's done and you shan't do it for him either."

"Well, but Miss Brown," began the man again, "Johnnie didn't do anything. I killed Thomas or I suppose I did and I had forgotten about it till Johnnie found these things," and he held up the boot-jack and flat-iron.

You see it was this way. That night I had a headache and didn't feel very well and it seemed like every-time I almost went to sleep some cats let loose some of the most unearthly yowls and howlings a man ever heard, and finally," he continued, "my patience reached the limit and I got out of bed and picked up the handiest things I could find and threw them at the cats. They kept quiet the rest of the night and I got such a good sleep that by morning I felt so much better that I entirely forgot about the cats. I didn't think of it again until Johnnie found these things. But I must have hit Thomas for I see some Maltese hair on a nail head on the boot-jack and now I am ready to pay whatever he's worth," finished Mr. James.

"Oh, no! I couldn't think of taking your money. Of course I am awfully sorry to lose Thomas but of course it was an accident and couldn't have been helped," answered the old lady. "And I know you are awfully sorry," she concluded.

"Sorry! Oh! I should say!" chuckled Mr. James as he reached the cover of the wood-shed. "It's one of the happiest days of life to have Thomas singing in purgatory, if there is such a place for deceased felines, instead of practicing on our back fence."

MEADE ELLIOT, Acad.

THE CRESCENT.

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RILY KAUFMAN, '11
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With this issue of the Crescent begins the regime of the new staff. Owing to his prolonged illness the editor has been unable to assume his duties and so without the restraint of a guiding hand we have drifted along without any definite policy—unless the tendency to work others as much as possible may properly be called a policy.

A college paper should portray the atmosphere and spirit of the institution that it represents and express the attitude of the students towards the various phases of college life. In order to do this it must have the support of each individual student.

Debate.

On Friday night, April 15, the college chapel was the scene of a lively debate in which Pacific College defeated Albany College, thus winning the championship of the debating league. The home team was composed of Bruce Douglas, Harvey Wright and Roy Fitch and a great deal of credit is due them for the able manner in which they captured the honors for P. C. The victory is all the more gratifying because of the fact that the Albany debaters were opponents worthy of the best efforts.

Associations Reorganize

The Christian Associations and Student Body Association have reorganized as follows: Y. W. C. A., Maude Haworth, president; Erma Heacock, vice president; Mamie Coulson, secretary; Lucy Mills, treasurer. Y. M. C. A., Claude Newlin, President; Bruce Douglas, vice president; Claude Calkins, secretary; Harry Haworth, treasurer. The Student Body Associations including the Crescent staff reorganized with Lloyd Armstrong President; Eva Frazier, vice president; Lucy Mills, secretary; Mabel Haworth, treasurer; Claude Newlin, editor-in-chief of Crescent; Chris Smith, associate editor of Crescent; Victor Rees, business manager of Crescent, and Claude Lewis, assistant business manager of Crescent.

Personals

Lillian Johnson is back in school this term.

Friendship was Rev. Stannard's chapel theme, April 15.

Mabel seems to like very much the murmuring of Creeks (Kricks).

Miss Weed—"Don't you think a trip to Lovers' Lane would be nice?"

President Kelsey attended the Layman's Missionary Convention in Portland.

May 2 has been granted as a holiday and May Day festivities are being planned.

Rev. Green addressed the students on the topic of "Success" in chapel March 21.

Lindley Wells, of Portland, gave another of his interesting chapel talks March 22.

Recent visitors were Earl Paulsen, Virgil Mills, Ivy Fitch, Hazel and Bessie Newman.

Ralph Rees, '07, has been elected to a position on the O. A. C. Faculty for next year.

Dr. Potter, of Chicago, addressed a union meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. April 5.

Jesse Hammer is slowly recovering from an attack of rheumatic fever at his home in Portland.

Rea Smith is thinking of learning the dairy business. He has already succeeded in milking a cow.

Richard Williams, Victor Rees, Esther Wallen and Nettie Morse were on the sick list last month.

The senior preparatory class celebrated the end of the winter term by a ride to Pleasant Hill March 31.

Haines Burgess, '09, will represent W. S. C. at the inter-state oratorical contest to be held at Corvallis in May.

Claude Newlin is improving as fast as can be expected. He is in the Good Samaritan hospital at Portland.

The tennis season is on in full blast now, there being two courts besides another, which will soon be ready for use.

Homer Parrott, Claude Newlin, and Jess Hammer are still out of school on account of sickness. All are improving, however.

Misses Eva Frazier, Mamie Coulson and Bernice Benson spent Sunday, April 3, at the home of Miss Halcyon Wiley, near Rex.

Rev. Ritchey gave a very interesting chapel talk

concerning the missionary work of the Christian Church in Africa. He had many curios on exhibition.

Bruce Douglas resigned as vice president of the Y. M. C. A. and Claude Lewis was elected to the position. Bruce does not expect to be in school next year, hence his resignation.

Chris Smith attended a meeting of the basketball league at McMinnville, March 19th. All business of the league was settled and plans were discussed for next season's basketball.

Rev. Potter, of Chicago, who is visiting with his brother in Newberg, addressed the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., April 5. The meeting was well attended and several decisions made.

The piano fund was materially increased April 8 by the "Peake Sisters," given under the auspices of the music department. The entertainment was enjoyed very much by those who were able to attend it.

President Kelsey and Professor Reagan attended a conference of the presidents and members of the faculty of the denominational colleges of Oregon in Salem March 24-25. Pres. Kelsey was elected president of the association for the coming year.

The school has been divided into two sides for all spring athletics, Lloyd Armstrong being captain of the "Old Golds" and Chris Smith of the "Navy Blues." The latter have been more successful so far, having won a basketball and both baseball games, but the "Old Golds" are still in the game and will be heard from later.

Mrs. Douglas was just introducing her chapel subject, Sanitation, April 19, when she looked into the hall way and abruptly announced that a state dairy inspector was present and she would let him continue her talk. The students were at a loss to account for Mrs. Douglas' action until Paul V. Maris, '07 presently entered the room. Mr. Maris seemed as much surprised as anyone as he did not think he was entering the building at the chapel hour. He complied with Mrs. Douglas' request however and spoke of agriculture in Oregon, referring

to opportunities along that line and also discussing the situation from an economic standpoint. Needless to say his talk was enjoyed. Mr. Maris spent the remainder of the forenoon visiting classes.

She started up the climb alone,
He followed quickly by,
And after climbing thus awhile,
They reached the mountain high.

Down the long stripped field they dashed;
'Twas on a bright March day,
Now ask Miss Newell, if you dast,
How time was farther passed away.

Exchanges.

We welcome the exchanges again this month. The Tahoma has a most attractive cover design and we might add that many of the school papers could be improved along this line.

The Review contains a well tabulated summary of the results of their basketball season together with cuts of their team.

The Whirlwind, A. H. S. has some quite original cuts in their March number.

The Trintonian of Maxahachie, Texas, is welcome amongst our exchanges this month. We find it an interesting paper. The story department is especially well attended.

Dan Cupid is a marksman sure
Despite his love and kisses,
For though he always hits the mark
He's always making Mrs.

LATIN POEM

All are dead that spoke it,
All are dead that wrote it,
All will die that learn it,
Blessed death, they earn it.

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